

BEL.

How you

speak¹

Did you but know the city's usuries. And
felt them knowingly: the art o* the
court, As hard to leave, as keep ; whose
top to climb Is certain falling, or so
slippery, that The fear's as bad as
falling: the toil of the war, A pain that
only seems to seek out danger F the
name of fame, and honour; which dies i'
the

search;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph, As
record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's
worse, Must court'sey at the censure :—
O, boys, this story The world may read
in me: My body's mark'd With Roman
swords ; and my report was once First
with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd
me; And when a soldier was the theme,
my name Was not far off: Then was I as
a tree, Whose boughs did bend with
fruit: but, in one

night,

A storm, or robbery., call it what you
will, Shook down my mellow hangings,
nay, my leaves, And left me bare to
weather⁸.

GUI.

Uncertain

favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing (as I have
told you

oft,)

But that two villains, whose false oaths
prevailed Before my perfect honour,
swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate
with the Romans : so, Followed my
banishment; and, this twenty years,

⁷How you speak !] Otway seems to have
taken many hints
for the conversation that passes between Acasto and
his sons, from
the scene Before us. STEEVENS.

⁸ And left me bare to weather.] So, in Timon of
Athens ;

^{*6} That numberless upon me stuck, as
leaves " Do on the oak, have with one
winter's brush, ^{*e} Fallen from their
boughs, and *left me, open, bare,* ^{ce} For
every storm that blows." STEEVENS.